THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 4, 1805.

Deſcription of Table Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope.

By Mr. PERCIVAL.

BEFORE you venture to explore the Table Hill, it is highly neceſſary, if you are not perfectly acquainted with the climate of the cape yourſelf, to aſk the opinion and advice of an experienced inhabitant of the town; for the mountain is often ſuddenly covered with thick clouds, which would prevent a traveller from finding his way back for two or three days. On this account it is neceſſary to wait till certain appearances of the weather indicate that no immediate danger from thoſe clouds is to be expected. The inhabitants of the cape, from long obſervation, are well acquainted with all the ſymptoms of the approaching weather. The appearance of two remarkable clouds over the ſummit of the mountain enables them, with a great degree of certainty, to prognoſticate what weather will follow.

From the quarter whence they proceed, their firſt formation, colour, and the manner in which they bend their courſe, a Dutchman will tell, with little danger of ever being deceived, what will be the conſequence. He will be able to inform you of an approaching ſouth-eaſt wind, and whether it will be violent and laſting, or light and paſſing. Thoſe fleecy clouds which envelope the mountain, and are generally the forerunner of a violent ſouth-eaſt wind, are really ſingularly and curious in their appearances, as well as extraordinary in their effects, which depend very much upon their manner of formation. On the firſt appearance of thoſe clouds they are ſmall, of a dark bluiſh colour, and are ſeen coming over the ſummit of Table Hill from the ſouth, and paſſing on towards the Tiger Hill in a ſlow pro-

greſſive manner, gradually increaſing into one vaſt cloud which covers the mountain; when a terrible ſouth-eaſt wind immediately enſues.

Sometimes theſe clouds laſt for ſeveral days together; though it often happens that the violence of the ſouth-eaſt wind laſts a long time after they diſappear. When this immenſe body of clouds is formed, it is ſeen deſcending and rolling furiouſly down the mountain towards the town, which a ſtranger would imagine it was about to enter; and the threatening appearance of theſe volumes might ſeem to portend ſome alarming conſequences to the health of the inhabitants; but, on being arrived better than half way down, this phenomenon vaniſhes; for it never comes within a certain diſtance of the foot of Table Hill.

As thoſe clouds are always the forerunners of an approaching ſouth-eaſt wind, it is a common obſervation with the Dutch to ſay, when they ſee their firſt formation, "that the Devil is going to dinner, and that he has laid the cloth on Table Mountain." They then ſhut up their windows and doors, and keep in their houſes till the ſtorm is over.

Extracts from Mr. Dunning's Pamphlet on Vaccination.

(Continued from Page 66.)

AT a time when almoſt a thouſand reports, directly ſubverſive of vaccination, had crept into circulation, and were very faſt taking poſſeſſion of the public mind, it appeared to me indiſpenſably neceſſary, unleſs we had relinquiſhed the practice altogether, to adduce ſome facts in order to counteract them, which would at once appeal to the boſoms and underſtandings of every one. For this purpoſe, my infant who was ten months old, and whom I vaccinated eight months ago, was taken this day, (January 23d, 1802,) into the ſmall room of a poor woman, —Elizabeth Cock, in Croſs-ſtreet, in this town [Plymouth Dock.]—who was ill of the moſt malignant ſmall-pox, of which ſhe died on the third day after,—and was there inoculated by Mr. Little, with matter taken immediately from this bad ſubject. An early and conſiderable local affection on the arm took place, and gradually progreſſed till the 7th or 8th day, when it began to ſhade, and in a few days dried off. This inoculation was neither attended with the ſlighteſt conſtitutional effects, nor followed by the ſmalleſt veſtige of ſmall-pox; and my babe is now, thank God, in the moſt perfect health. I know not that a ſtronger teſt than this can be imagined; if I did, embarked as I am and pledged as I feel myſelf on this memorable occaſion, I would not heſitate a moment to employ it, even in the perſon of my child,

child,—and yet thoſe who know me will, I do not at all fear, moſt readily and moſt fully acquit me of any want of parental feelings;—truly no other motives than an imperious ſenſe of duty at this time to the public, and unſhaken faith in the protecting powers of the cow-pock, and an anxious wiſh to aſſiſt in eſtabliſhing the deſerts of a diſcovery, which appeared to me incomparably the moſt important and conſequential in the annals of medicine, could have carried me to ſuch length of experiment.

I will mention another ſtrong circumſtance—about a year ſince I vaccinated a ſervant of a very reſpectable farmer of St. Budeaux, four miles from this place—with a view to aſcertain the efficacy of a practice, the nothingneſs of which does not often ſatisfy; ſhe ſeveral times with her mouth cloſe to a fellow ſervant's, who was then loaded with a full crop of caſual ſmall-pox, inſpired his breath with intire impunity.

This fact and the ſubjecting my dear babe to the atmoſphere of a very ſmall room, ſaturated with the moſt virulent variolous principle, and at the ſame time to an inoculation with matter taken from this malignant caſe in the moment of its moſt ſublimated activity, are teſts of that deciſive character, they may juſtly enough be termed the *experimenta crucis*,—and would, it might be expected, if we did not know how difficult it often is to root out preconceived opinions, ſilence the moſt obſtinate, and proſelyte the moſt incredulous.

Plymouth Dock, 1802.

Mr. Dunning's pamphlet contains a number of other ſtrong caſes in favour of vaccination, ſome of which came under his own obſervation, and others were communicated by his friends, gentlemen eminent in the medical profeſſion.

Mr. Dunning makes the following remarks on the nature of the cow-pock, in the poſtcript to his pamphlet:

"The laws and agencies of nature are defined by boundaries too determinate to admit any human experiments to multiply the genera of permanent diſeaſes:—we may indeed by our luxuries and irregularities derange and diſorganize our bodies, ſo as frequently to produce new varieties of diſorder; but we cannot, certainly, either by our vices or ingenuity generate new diſeaſes which will permanently reproduce themſelves in any other way than will preſently be mentioned. The neutral character which is invariably ſtamped on the firſt reſults of every attempt of this nature, is at once the fiat of irreſiſtible oppoſition—That the cow-pock is a modification or hybrid reſult of the variolous and ſome other principle, can now hardly be doubted; its affinity to the ſmall-pox is aſcertained by many characters common to both; and theſe common characters, as we ſee it has been moſt wiſely and benignantly ordered that the human body can only once

be dangerouſly arreſted by the ſmall-pox, are the ſtrongeſt reaſons to induce a belief, without extravagant expectation, that a previous impreſſion of the one will be competent to protect againſt ſubſequent attacks of the other.

" The cow-pock and every other hybrid principle ceaſes to exiſt as a human diſeaſe the moment you ceaſe to thruſt it into the ſyſtem through a wound in the ſkin;—it is in this hybrid character of the cow-pock I have found the moſt ſatisfactory argument to account for the abſence of infection through the medium of the atmoſphere, which diſtinguiſhes, unlike the ſmall-pox, this benign agent. In this hybrid character I find alſo the beſt anſwer to an objection apparently the moſt reaſonable and valid againſt the practice of vaccination, I mean the riſk of adding to the long catalogue of human diſeaſes. The cow-pock, which can only be perpetuated onward through the human ſpecies by the medium of inoculation, cannot be deemed a human diſeaſe;—on the other hand, the ready ſuſceptibility of the human conſtitution to take up variolous miaſms afloat in the atmoſphere, places this deſtructive malady in another point of view, and has given it a moſt formidable rank and character among the preſent genera of human diſeaſes. All theſe remarks apply I believe with the ſtricteſt analogy to the reſults, &c. of the late inoculations in Plymouth;—theſe I ſhould expect, while they probably may be repeated *ad infinitum* in the way of inoculation, are wholly incommunicable by infection through the medium of the atmoſphere, and muſt therefore immediately ceaſe to be.

" The queſtion before us is of no common moment—it has, very juſtly, more ſcrutinizing eyes directed towards it than were perhaps ever directed to any medical enquiry before; unqueſtionably then, it behoves every medical man to give the public his undiſguiſed experience and unequivocal opinions—under this impreſſion I aſſert, without heſitation, that the preceding caſes taken together and connected with the experiments I have before detailed, and with the maſs of evidence furniſhed me by my friends, have ſerved to ſtrengthen rather than invalidate my confidence in the protecting powers of vaccination againſt the ſmall-pox.

" Having exerted myſelf to forward what has hitherto appeared to me a public bleſſing, I have without apprehenſion expreſſed my ſentiments in ſtrong language;—on the other hand, if future events prove that I have been miſtaken, I ſhall, unconſcious of reproach, with equal firmneſs and regret fully retract them. Where our object is the preſervation of human life, let us endeavour, by probable reaſoning and fair inference, to obviate and explain any difficulties apparently at firſt a little adverſe to our hopes, which may now and then chance to ariſe in the courſe of our labours—at any rate let us not, by any means,

means, without fully embracing and inveſtigating all the concomitant and preceding circumſtances, too haſtily ſanction and confirm them. No man I preſume, whatever his experience and acumen may be, could, by looking once and again at the eruptions we have been adverting to, decide what they were. The public mind, at this moment alive to every fear, and on the preſent occaſion very naturally inclined to prejudice, inſtantly takes alarm at every floating rumour, however prepoſterous and unfounded: we muſt, if poſſible calm and prevent theſe irritations.

"Having been thus unexpectedly obliged to reſume my pen, I will give a brief contraſt of the two inoculations, as they have reſpectively preſented themſelves to my obſervation in this large town; and firſt of vaccination,—at leaſt as many more have been vaccinated in this place within the laſt four years than were ever inoculated with the ſmall-pox in the ſame time; not a ſingle death, nor even an approach to it has happened; many obſtinate cutaneous diſeaſes have been removed; the health of many delicate and apparently diſeaſed children improved, and not an individual, I believe, been to any degree injured by it; —and I again ſolemnly repeat that I have not ſeen a caſe of ſmall-pox ſubſequent, in the practice: on the other hand, for ſeveral years immediately preceding the introduction of vaccine inoculation, of thoſe who were inoculated with the ſmall-pox, two at leaſt (ſome ſay more) in every hundred have died; very many have with difficulty recovered, and many have now to lament loſt or impaired ſight, ſcrophulous affections, or ſhattered conſtitutions, during life; among the latter my youngeſt daughter is an example.

"Auguſta, one of the daughters of a very reſpectable gentleman in the neighbourhood of Glaſgow, was inoculated for the ſmall-pox; the diſeaſe, however, made its appearance with none of the mitigated ſymptoms which inoculation is intended to enſure; it raged, on the contrary, with the utmoſt virulence; and diſfigurement and blindneſs were the conſequences. One of the eyeballs ſeems to have been ſo completely obliterated by the diſeaſe, that the cloſed and deeply-ſunken lids, far retiring into the ſockets, only mark the poſition where the viſual organ ſhould be;—the lower part of the other orb (which is ſufficiently obtruſive) appears to retain ſome ſmall degree of ſenſibility of light; and through the medium of this organ it appears that the difference between night and day are indiſtinctly perceptible; but no object of viſion can either be diſtinguiſhed or perceived. *Vide Monthly Mag. for July laſt, page 516.*

"If hereafter we are obliged, unfortunately, to reſort again to the ſmall-pox, I truſt it will early become an object of the legiſlature to direct that the inoculations ſhall be conducted in ſome appropriate ſituation, at a ſmall diſtance from large towns, ſince,

from

from the want of this regulation, it has been proved from indiſputable data, that the introduction of inoculation has, in no inconſiderable degree, added to the mortality of the diſeaſe. The religion of many, and the circumſtances of others, preclude a large portion of the community from ſharing in the advantages to be derived from inoculation: of theſe, larger numbers fall victims in conſequence of this deſtructive poiſon having been kept up in perpetual activity and circulation by inoculation, as it has hitherto been managed.

That the ſmall-pox is a peſtilence of the greateſt magnitude in this country no one will deny. A little quarantine would hardly, then, be felt as trenching on the liberty of the ſubject, or the eſtabliſhed habits of thinking; certainly ſuch a regulation at this time, with reſpect to the inoculated ſmall-pox, would give a facility to vaccination that would more contribute to the extermination of the variolous principle from the united kingdom than any other practicable means, that, perhaps, could be reſorted to. To order by authority the diſcontinuance of the variolous, or the excluſive adoption of the vaccine inoculation, is an idea that can never, for a moment, be adverted to—but juſtice and good policy demand that we do not endanger our neighbours; and, indeed, it does ſeem to me, that thoſe perſons placed under the influence of the cauſes I have mentioned, are entitled to much attention.——Theſe obſervations are not preſumptuouſly obtruded—but I have no doubt they will be termed by many, mere pertneſs and verbiage;—to thoſe I would reply, that I feel not the inferiority of my ſituation when on the ſubject of health as connected with the public weal.

(To be concluded in our next.

STATE *of the* PORTUGUESE ARMY

THE rank univerſally aſſigned to the Portugueſe troops, among the military of Europe, is by no means flattering, either in point of ſkill or valour: yet there cannot remain a doubt that they might be raiſed to a far more honourable ſtation, if proper meaſures were adopted for that purpoſe. For more than a century the army of Portugal remained in a ſtate of extreme debaſement; ſcarcely could that kingdom muſter 10,000 men in 1761, and thoſe nothing but peaſants, or rather vagabonds, without uniforms, arms, or diſcipline, aſking alms, and committing the greateſt diſorders. When a Portugueſe was deſirous of revenge, he addreſſed himſelf to one of this ferocious ſet, who, for a ſmall pecuniary recompence, inſtantly rid him of his enemy. Even the officers were deſtitute of the ſmalleſt conſideration. The ſervants, the very valets of the

ſuperior officers ſerved as majors, captains, and lieutenants: and, notwithſtanding the uniform they wore, continued to wait upon their maſters at table, and attend them out of doors. At length Portugal, having declared war againſt Spain, in 1752, took into her ſervice the Count de la Lippe-Buckeburg, whoſe arrival was the æra of the improvement of the Portugueſe army, which is now upon a more reſpectable footing. But the talents and efforts of that foreign general did not ſuffice to baniſh all the vices by which it was infeſted: he was badly ſeconded by the Marquis de Pombal, who had no knowledge of war, and who conſidered the army merely as a political inſtrument.

The Portugueſe are robuſt, alert, and active; and, though in general low in ſtature, do not make a bad appearance under arms: they are exceedingly patient, ſober beyond any nation except the Spaniards, and as capable as any of ſupporting the fatigues of war. On the other hand, they are lazy, dirty, and little accuſtomed to obey command. With care, however, and continual attention, the Portugueſe might be made good ſoldiers; their very hatred of their neighbours, the Spaniards, is an additional vehicle for their courage.

The Portugueſe nobility are paſſionately fond of fine regimentals and of all "the pomp of war." The Portugueſe officers have but little knowledge of their profeſſion, and are very unfit to inſtruct the ſoldiers, ſcarcely knowing themſelves the rules of diſcipline. The pay of foreign officers in the ſervice of Portugal is double to that of their own; and this is an additional reaſon for the enmity borne them by the Portugueſe officers, who abhor their ſociety, and thus loſe the beſt opportunity of gaining profeſſional information. The regiments both of cavalry and infantry remain ten or fifteen years in garriſons, or in the ſame quarters. This cuſtom is attended with bad conſequences to the troops in general; and it is juſtified, as far as relates to the infantry, by no good reaſon. The Count de la Lippe, on his firſt arrival in Portugal, was invited to dine with the Count Baron d'Arcos, general of the Portugueſe troops. He was already at table, when he perceived a valet de chambre waiting behind his chair in the dreſs of an officer; and, upon inquiry, was told that he was a captain in a regiment of cuiraſſiers, of which the general was colonel. The count roſe, proteſted he would not dine unleſs the officers were ſuffered to ſit down at table, and ſeated him between himſelf and the Count Baron, whoſe pride and vanity were cruelly hurt by ſuch a ſcene. This proceeding highly diſpleaſed the nobility, who took a pride in having each two or three officers in his ſervice.

One evening, when he was at the Neapolitan miniſter's, he entered into converſation with a Portugueſe nobleman of the firſt rank, who aſked him a variety of queſtions concerning the opinion he had formed of the country. "You are a military

tary man," ſaid the Portugueſe, " pray what do you think of our army? You are no doubt inclined to do it juſtice: it is fortunately upon a very reſpectable footing, and much better compoſed than it was formerly. We admit no officers but ſuch as are commendable for their talents and knowledge, and really have a great many men of merit among us." Great was the count's aſtoniſhment when he learned a few days afterwards that this very Portugueſe nobleman had called upon a foreign colonel in the ſervice of Portugal, requeſting him to give a company in his regiment to a man in whoſe welfare he took a great concern; that the colonel, eager to oblige him, had, however, aſked, by way of converſation, who the gentleman in queſtion was, and to what family he belonged? the illuſtrious protector replied, " I know him perfectly well, and will be anſwerable for his probity. He is a man who unqueſtionably deſerves this trifling recompence, he has ſerved me as a valet de chambre for one and twenty years." With ſuch officers, it is eaſy to conceive what the ſoldiers muſt be.

There is little hope of the ſtate of the Portugueſe military eſtabliſhment being bettered. There is no public ſchool in all Portugal in which the art of war is taught; nor do the young noblemen who fill the ſuperior poſts take any pains to improve themſelves; they ſeldom travel, and are but very imperfectly acquainted with their own country. The preſent ſtrength of the Portugueſe army is nearly as follows:—

Infantry—28 regiments, conſiſting each of ten companies, and 1102 men - - - - - -	30,856
Artillery—4 regiments, compoſed of ten companies, and 989 men - - - - - -	3,956
Cavalry—13 regiments of horſe, conſiſting each of eight troops, and 320 men - - - - -	4,160
Sum total - -	38,972

Anecdotes of the Marchioneſs of Rockingham.

THE late marchioneſs of Rockingham was the daughter and ſole heireſs of Mr. Bright, formerly of Badſworth, in Yorkſhire, and was born in Auguſt, 1736. Her mother was of the Lowther family, and afterwards married the late Sir John Ramſden of Byram, Bart. of which marriage the preſent Sir John Ramſden, and Mrs. Weddell, the neareſt and deareſt friend of her beloved ſiſter, are the only ſurviving iſſue. At Byram ſome of her early years were ſpent, till the beginning of the year 1752, when ſhe was married to the late moſt noble Charles

Marquis of Rockingham. With him ſhe enjoyed as much of happineſs as is attainable in this mortal ſtate, during the ſpace of upwards of thirty years.

In the month of July, 1782, their union was diſſolved by the much-lamented death of that great and good man. He was, in the true ſenſe of the words, a ſtateſman and a patriot, but he was no courtier, and he ſoared above the petty arts of intriguing politicians. The good of his country was his object; and to the attainment of this object his courſe was uniformly directed. In the words of the miniſter, Mr. Grenville, when the Marquis of R. was placed at the head of adminiſtration, in 1765, "He was much too honeſt a man to remain long the miniſter of this country." His death was conſidered as a national loſs; his tomb was bedewed with the tears of his country; and never was there more univerſal concern and reſpect manifeſted for the loſs and character of an individual, than appeared in the conduct and countenances of the inhabitants of Yorkſhire, and particularly of York, at the performance of his funeral obſequies.

The death of her lord was the ſevereſt ſtroke of providence to his afflicted widow. Her Chriſtian fortitude and piety could alone have ſupported her, during her long and violent ſtruggles with the weakneſs of nature; and they at length reſtored her mind to a ſtate of meek compoſure, and ſubmiſſive reſignation to the will of that Almighty Being, in whoſe hands are the iſſues of life and death, who does not willingly afflict the children of men, and who makes all events ſubſervient to the final good of his faithful ſervants. For many years previous to this event, her ladyſhip had mixed but little with the world; ſubſequently to this period, her life has been paſſed in almoſt ſecluded retirement; with ſome few exceptions, ſhe has been known only by the goodneſs of her works. In 1785, ſhe purchaſed a beautiful ſeat at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, from the Talbot family, where ſhe had conſtantly reſided till the day of her diſſolution, the 19th of December, 1804. Her death is an irreparable loſs to her domeſtics, her few highly honoured friends, and the numerous and afflicted poor of her neighbourhood.

Her ladyſhip poſſeſſed a ſtrong comprehenſive mind; her judgment was ſolid, clear, and diſcriminative; and ſhe poſſeſſed an uncommon faculty of quickly perceiving, and moſt juſtly appreciating the characters of men. Her political principles were theſe of her lord—they were founded on the genuine principles of the conſtitution, from which ſhe never ſwerved in the ſlighteſt degree. She held in abhorrence the modern doctrine of "exiſting circumſtances," which ſhe ſaw conſtantly proſtituted to the worſt of purpoſes; the temporiſing plea for not doing what ought to be done, and for doing what ought not to be done; the pitiful pretence for the moſt ſhameful deviations from

public principle, and for the moſt diſgraceful breach of public profeſſions: and it was her favourite maxim, that truth, honour and integrity, were the beſt ſyſtem of policy, both for nations and individuals.

In theology her ladyſhip was deeply read. The writer of this article has ſeldom met with any perſon of more extenſive information, and more correct views on thoſe ſubjects that are connected with the beſt intereſts of mankind. She was a firm friend to the church of England, but without the ſlighteſt intolerance. She was a ſtedfaſt believer, but no bigot. Her piety was exalted, her devotion fervent, but a ſtranger to enthuſiaſm. Her humility was indeed lowly, bordering, at times, on deſpondency; but the evening of her days was cheered with the animating rays of Chriſtian hope. Her charity was unbounded, and her loſs will be moſt ſeverely felt by the poor of Hillingdon. Her laſt moments, and her laſt words, were directed to the ſupply of their wants and the augmentation of their comforts. Her liberal hand left her not much to diſpoſe of at her death. In the diſpoſition of her affairs, her firſt object was the poor, and her afflicted ſervants, to whom ſhe has bequeathed liberal legacies or annuities. To a few friends ſhe has left expreſſive tokens of her regard, and the reſidue of her property to her firſt and deareſt friend, Mrs. Weddell.

The above imperfect outline of the character of a moſt excellent and valuable woman is ſketched with the ſtricteſt regard to truth, which has reſtrained the ready pen of gratitude. Unmerited praiſe is uſeleſs to the dead, and offenſive to the living; but to commemorate the real excellence of departed worth may be of uſe to ſurviving friends, by exciting virtuous imitation. The titles of marquis and marchioneſs of Rockingham are extinct, but the memory of them long ſurvive; and long, very long, may the virtues that adorned their characters continue to adorn and dignify the preſent and future repreſentatives of the noble houſe of Wentworth.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A SKETCH,

FOUNDED *on the* RUSSIAN HISTORY.

WHY ſhould the writers of ſentimental works ſeek their heroes and heroines in the regions of fiction, when the annals of hiſtory will furniſh materials, if properly ſelected, far more intereſting? and we ſhould find in them at leaſt ſomething like truth. What anecdotes for female biography, in particular, might be found in the Ruſſian hiſtory of the times of Peter the Great

Great and his immediate ſucceſſors? What an intereſt would real memoirs carefully compiled of the Empreſs Catharine the Firſt excite? ſhe was the beloved wife, and confidential friend and counſellor of the immortal Peter; ſhe even attended him in the camp, and her prudent expedients in the diſaſtrous chances of war are ſaid to have equalled her counſels in the peaceful court.

Having ſhared her huſband's throne during his life, ſhe ſucceeded him at his deceaſe, (by his expreſs deſire, as ſome authors ſay) and held the reins of government until death ſummoned her to join him in another world: beyond the above leading features how little is known, at leaſt in Engliſh literature? of this lady, who from a very low ſtation aſcended ſo high, and died ſovereign of, perhaps, one tenth part of the known world. There are anecdotes of her life under the name of the "Fair Livonian," to be met with in a work called "The Citizen of the World," highly to her honour, but it cannot be denied that in many authors there are hints to be found which give a ſomewhat different air to the portrait.

I have never heard that any regular memoirs of this celebrated female were ever publiſhed in this country, and an old publication in announcing her death adds "that the accounts in circulation concerning her were at that time ſo contradictory that they forbore giving any extracts from them."

What intereſting ſcenes muſt have paſt in the court of Peter, what a chain of events calculated to awaken the feelings of pity and curioſity! Previous to his marriage with Catharine, he had another wife, the mother of his eldeſt ſon; though many parts of Peter's character command the eſteem and veneration of poſterity, yet there are writers who charge him with behaviour that was even execrable with reſpect to this unhappy princeſs, whom he divorced and ſhut up in a convent, after having endeavoured in vain, as it is ſaid, to convict her of infidelity.

The ſon of this unfortunate mother is repreſented as a brutal and vicious wretch; his father, as a means of reclaiming him, married him to an accompliſhed foreigner; a circumſtance, at that time, unuſual in Ruſſia, where the ſovereigns generally intermarried with their ſubjects; this princeſs was a German, and ſiſter to the beautiful mother of Maria Thereſa, queen of Hungary, and empreſs of Germany: conſequently ſhe was the great aunt of the late unfortunate queen of France, being the ſiſter of her grandmother.

The behaviour ſhe experienced from the czarowitz, is ſaid to have been truly dreadful; and the public prints of thoſe days mention her deceaſe at an early period of life, leaving two young children; but private hiſtory tells of her a romantic, but not improbable tale; that being removed from the preſence of her huſband inſenſible, in conſequence of blows he had given her, thoſe about her contrived to perſuade him ſhe was dead;

and that ſhe eſcaped to America, which plan was facilitated by the eagerneſs of the czarowitz, to have the ſuppoſed corpſe interred as ſoon and as privately as poſſible. Certain it is, that when accuſed by his father of various crimes, and degraded from his rank of heir to the throne, his cruel behaviour to his wife made a part of the accuſation.

There are ſome little romantic narratives which ſpeak of a ſecond marriage of this lady in America, of her being ſeen and known in France many years after theſe events had paſſed away: what gives a greater air of probability to ſuch a narrative, is the ſhort reign of her ſon, Peter the Second, and early death of her daughter even during that ſhort reign, which might prevent any wiſh to diſcover herſelf, at leaſt publicly, after the death of the czarowitz; the only ſoftening of whoſe wretched character, and the only hope that his crimes were exaggerated, ſeems to ariſe from his having a mother diſgraced and ſhut up in a convent, and a powerful mother in law whoſe own ſon (who died ſoon after) was declared heir to the Ruſſian empire on his degradation, a degradation followed by death, not received by the hands of the executioner, but imputed to his fears of ſuch a fate.

On the deceaſe of Catharine the Firſt, or the Fair Livonian, the ſon of the above ill-fated couple aſcended the throne, under the name of Peter the Second. Prince Menzikoff, then in the plenitude of his power, and a favourite of the two laſt ſovereigns, was appointed governor of the young czar, whom he prevailed on to declare an intention of marrying his eldeſt daughter, which was repreſented as the wiſh of the late empreſs, his grandmother in law.

The Ruſſian ceremony of betrothing was accordingly performed, when the ſudden diſgrace of the Menzikoff family put an entire ſtop to any further preparations: this diſgrace is ſaid to have been cauſed in a great meaſure by the unbounded ambition and inſolence of Prince Menzikoff and his relatives: the intended bride accompanied her father into exile, having previouſly returned the ſuperb ring which ſhe had received from the young czar at the ceremony of betrothing, which ceremony at that time, and probably ſtill precedes in Ruſſia, the abſolute marriage.

Peter the ſecond releaſed his grandmother, the firſt wife of Peter the Great, from her convent, and reinſtated her in all her honours. Prince Dolgorucki was appointed his governor, and with the reſt of that houſe, became his chief favourites. The eldeſt daughter of Prince Dolgorucki is thus deſcribed by an elegant Britiſh lady, who was in Ruſſia at that time, in a letter from Moſcow, dated November 4, 1730. "I daily converſe with people of high rank. The Poliſh miniſter's lady has an aſſembly every night, where all the people of faſhion meet; but to my great mortification, they only meet to play, though nobody

nobody is preſſed to it. As I ſtill am amazed how rational minds can fall into the trifling yet dangerous amuſement, I need not tell you I am a ſpectator. For ſome time I have met with a young lady who does not play, whether from the ſame ſtupid mind that I have, or from her heart being filled with a ſofter paſſion, I will not determine. She has ſoftneſs, good nature, good ſenſe, and politeneſs, incloſed in a pretty perſon of eighteen. She is ſiſter to the favourite Prince Dolgorucki; the German ambaſſador's brother is her beloved object, all things are agreed upon, and they only wait ſome forms neceſſary in his country, to be, I hope, happy. She ſeems very fond of marrying out of her own country, ſhews great civility to foreigners, and a ſtrong love to him and he to her." But fate had otherwiſe determined the deſtiny of this ſweet girl, and ſnatched her from her German lover; for one evening the young emperor entered the apartment of her father, who was indiſpoſed, and in his bed, and declared to him his reſolution of eſpouſing his eldeſt daughter.

This declaration, ſo flattering to the ambition of the family, and if one may judge from circumſtances, as unexpected as flattering, had the effect of immediately raiſing the ſick noble from his bed, to throw himſelf at the feet of the czar, and to accompany him to the apartment of his daughter, whoſe emotions on being informed of the occaſion of ſuch a viſit, can better be imagined by the heart, than deſcribed by the pen: her feelings ſcarce left her the power of ſpeech, and ſhe could ſcarce articulate a proper reply, expreſſive of her ſenſe of the honour done her. "Your modeſty and ſweetneſs charms me," anſwered the emperor. What a theme for a writer of genius would the ideas of this fair Ruſſian's mind afford, when left to ruminate on the revolution which a few minutes had made in her fate; imperial greatneſs, and the real pleaſure of contributing to the happineſs of millions, muſt at one moment have cauſed pleaſing ſenſations in her breaſt, while the next muſt have preſented her German lover, and painted in glowing colours his grief and his deſpair; then the glorious proſpect of poſſeſſing the heart of a man who governed ſo large a portion of the globe, and who, from a world, had choſen her to be the partner of his throne, of civilizing, of poliſhing, of humanizing, her country, and the example of the late empreſs who had attached the heart of Peter the Great, in ſo ſtrong a manner, doubtleſs preſented a brilliant picture, but clouded by the dark tints which the hiſtories of the mother and grandmother of the czar muſt have brought to recollection; together with the unſtable ſentiments of a boy of fourteen.

It is ſaid ſhe was very unwilling to accede to the propoſals of the emperor; but the liberty of refuſing was out of the queſtion. As ſoon as her family were acquainted with a circumſtance which

which ſeemed to fix their greatneſs on a ſecure foundation, they came in a body to her apartment to expreſs their ſentiments, and her uncle the Velt Marſhal Dolgorucki, as the head of her houſe, addreſſed her in a noble ſpeech, expreſſive of the ſervice ſhe might do the world in a ſtation ſo exalted; a far different ſpeech from what might have been expected from a Ruſſian boyard, a ſlave to his prince, and a deſpotic maſter over his own vaſſals. Magnificent preparations were immediately made for the royal nuptials, and the fair Dolgorucki, accompanied by her happy mother and ſiſter, and attended by a ſplendid proceſſion, was conducted to a ſuperb room in the imperial palace, where ſhe was congratulated and embraced by the princeſſes of the royal family, and the ceremony of betrothing was performed; after which the bride received all the honours due to the future empreſs.

Preparations for the ſecond ceremony were nearly finiſhed, and a few days only intervened between her and a throne, when Heaven ſaw fit to put a concluſion to the high hopes of her houſe; the czar was ſeized with the ſmall pox, which at that ſtage of medical knowledge in Ruſſia, was almoſt certain death; the amiable boy, ſenſible of the approach of his diſſolution, and knowing the cruel deſtiny which uſually befel the favourites of a deceaſed monarch in that country, recommended his intended bride to the protection of thoſe about him in the moſt affecting terms; he expired, and with him expired alſo, the bright proſpects of her family.

There then remained five or ſix princeſſes, daughters of the czars Peter and Iwan, and of theſe the Ducheſs Anne, of Courland, had the beſt right, or the moſt intereſt to fix her on a throne, whoſe rules of ſucceſſion were never very accurate; and the brother of the unhappy bride, Heaven knows with what unhappy ſenſations, was ſent to Mittau, to inform her of her couſin's deceaſe, and her own acceſſion to the empire. The grandmother of Peter the Second once more returned in deſpair to her convent; and the fair Dolgorucki, neglected, deſerted, ſurrounded only by relations trembling for their own ſafety, heard no more the ſtrains of adulation, or even received thoſe marks of attentive reſpect, due to her merit and diſtreſſing ſituation.

Where was now the German lover, and why did he not appear at a juncture ſo favourable to him? I could never find a trace of him, though I have turned over many dull pages relating to thoſe times in the ſearch; perhaps had he appeared, the ruling powers would have prevented a renewal of his pretenſions.

Soon after the arrival of the Empreſs Anne, the Dolgorucki family began to perceive that the ſun of their greatneſs was ſetting in the clouds of exile and diſgrace, and after a few gradations

tions of decline, the noblemen of that houſe were ſent to Siberia, with the exception of the Velt Marſhal, Some of the ladies had leave to throw themſelves into convents; and the ſweet mourning bride either obtained permiſſion, or received orders to retire to one likewiſe. Thus baniſhed from the world and from love, " in beauty's ſplendid morn, ſhe was loſt in ſolitude and gloom;" of her ſubſequent hiſtory I can diſcover no trace.

The Princeſs Elizabeth who by the greateſt addreſs preſerved herſelf from a ſimilar fate, and ſome years after ſeized a favourable opportunity to ſeat herſelf on the Ruſſian throne, (from which ſhe drove the unhappy little Iwan and the regent his mother) ſhe might, perhaps, remember with pity the fair Dolgorucki, whom ſhe herſelf had embraced and congratulated as the bride of her nephew; but I have never read or heard that ſhe ever emerged from the oblivion of her conventual retirement.

ELA.

Deſcription of a ſingular Fraternity of Mendicants.

By Dr. Gardiner.

I Am even ſuch a ſceptic, as to diſapprove the ſuppreſſing altogether common begging, ſo ſtrongly recommended by ſome men of conſiderable credit with the public; not only on account of the impoſſibility of preventing it, but from a view of leſſening the number of beggars, when reſtricted under certain regulations. In certain pariſhes, a few beggars may be licenſed, after their life and converſation have undergone a ſcrutiny by a committee of the managers for the poor, in which ought to be the miniſter, and one or two elders of the church. If, after this examination, it ſhall be found that the pauper has not been guilty of any groſs immorality, a badge, with his name, that of the pariſh, and number in which he ſtands on the roll, engraved on it, ſhould be given him, to be worn on ſome conſpicuous part of his dreſs, to entitle him to the alms of the pariſh. No ſuch licenſed beggar, however, ſhould be allowed to ply for alms out of his pariſh; and, perhaps, the times of begging ought to be reſtricted to two days in the week; but if found guilty of theft, drunkenneſs, rioting, or other glaring immoralities, he ſhould be ſent to bridewell, and his badge taken from him.

A certain fraternity of mendicants, called beadmen, from a roſary they wore at their belt when the Roman Catholic was the eſtabliſhed religion of this country, ſtill ſubſiſts in Scotland, and is not altogether diſſimilar from what is here propoſed, the licenſing of beggars. This royal ſociety of mendicants, com-

monly

monly called blue-gowns, from a cloak of that colour they are obliged to wear, with a badge on the right ſide of the cloak before, with the king's name, the name of the pauper, and number in which he ſtands on the roll, engraved on it, was inſtituted, if I miſtake not, in the reign of James the Fifth, to ſay a certain number of ave-maries daily for the king's ſafety. This is a whimſical enough inſtitution of mendicants, conſiſting of an equal number with the years of the king's age; and their ſmall penſion, or annual alms, likewiſe made up of a number of pence correſponding to the years of the king, given them by his almoner, on his majeſty's birth-day. At this time is alſo delivered to each a new cloak, and a ſlight refreſhment of bread and ale: after which, a ſermon ſuitable to their condition, is preached to them in the church of the Canongate.

From ſome legacies left by the members of the different incorporated trades of Edinburgh, and particularly of Saint Magdalene's Chapel, to the beadmen of their reſpective corporations, it ſeems probable that this fraternity of blue-gowns conſiſted originally of indigent mechanics. However this may be, they are at preſent compoſed chiefly of common labourers, who, on account of their age or infirmities, are unable to work for their ſuſtenance. Theſe paupers are not reſtricted to any particular pariſh, but are licenſed to beg through the ſeveral counties of Scotland: the gown and badge are teſtimonials of their poverty and innocence; and they being thus warranted to the public as proper objects of charity, few perſons refuſe them alms. I have here briefly run over an imperfect hiſtory of our beadmen, to ſhow that, if a few of the innocent poor, unable to work, were, after a ſtrict examination into their character, licenſed to beg, there could be no hazard of their ſtarving. Such a plan, I am perſuaded, would leſſen conſiderably the number of beggars; for thoſe who were licenſed would be obliged to keep within their pariſh; and if any one attempted to beg without a badge, they would not certainly meet with the ſame ſympathy from the public.

Diſtreſſing Particulars of the Loſs of the Brig Flora, of Philadelphia, Thomas Burrows, Maſter, on a whaling Voyage to Cayenne.

ON the 28th of September, ſailed from Philadelphia, in good order and well conditioned, with a crew, conſiſting of Tohmas Burrows, maſter, Jacob Oldenburg, mate, William Davidſon, ſupercargo, John Neven, Samuel Badcock, William Story, Joſeph Wilder, ſeamen; Joſiah Smith, James Cameron, boys; and Joſiah Anderſon, ſteward.—Nothing particular happened

pened 'till Friday, October 12, lat. 28. 50 N. long. 54. W. the wind began to blow hard from the N. E. the gale continuing to increaſe, accompanied by thunder, lightning, rain, and heavy ſea, the pumps conſtantly going. Next day, at two, A. M. finding it impoſſible to lay to any longer, determined to cut away the mainmaſt and ſcud before the wind, but before that could be done, was ſtruck with a whirlwind, which hove the brig on her beam ends. Joſeph Wilder, being in the forecaſtle, was drowned; the mainmaſt went by the board, the hatches burſted off, the veſſel filled with water, and the cargo floating out at each hatchway—for our preſervation we endeavoured to laſh ourſelves to the mainchains, but the ſea breaking furiouſly over us, William Davidſon, William Story, and the two boys, were waſhed away; the foremaſt now went by the board, and day coming on, we beheld a moſt awful ſight, maſt and ſpars hanging to the wreck, and the cargo coming out of the hold waſhed over us; at this time we ſhipped a ſea, which ſtove in the ſtern, and the cargo broke out of the cabin; at 9 A. M. we took to the bowſprit, when William Story and William Cameron drifted aboard on the cambooſe houſe, the boy ſhortly after died; the latter part of the day the gale began to abate, but a heavy ſea continued.

On Monday, William Story died. We continued in this dreadful ſituation until Friday the 19th of October when we diſcovered a large ſhip to leeward, made all the ſignals we could, but in vain. On the 20th ſeveral kegs of butter came out of the forecaſtle, one of which we immediately opened and fed on, which greatly increaſed our thirſt. On the 21ſt, the mate went out of his ſenſes, and a ſchooner paſſed to leeward ſo near that we could ſee every man on deck, but they took no notice of us. On the 23d the mate died, his blood we drank and devoured part of his fleſh; with the remainder we caught a large ſhark, which proved a great relief to us. On Wedneſday the 24th, at ſun riſe, ſaw a brig ſtanding towards us. At ten A. M. ſhe hove to and hoiſted out her boat to our aſſiſtance, and we were taken on board in a weak condition. The veſſel proved to be the ſnow Thames, Captain Burton, from Madeira to New-Providence, and then in lat. 25. N. long. 59. W. To the humane attention of the officers and paſſengers, we feel ourſelves much indebted, and thus publicly expreſs our thanks.

REFLECTION.

DILIGENCE and prudence generally ſecure ſucceſs in life, and the exerciſe of thoſe good qualities affords a very ſincere ſatisfaction to thoſe who practiſe them.

Anſwer, by T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey, to J. B. Bloomfield's Charade, inſerted the 12th of November.

THE poet PRIMROSE Goadby's page doth grace,
A PRIMROSE's likewiſe found 'mongſt Flora's race.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; W. Strong, S. Murch, and W. Commins, of Exeter; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; J. Channon, of Ottery; and J. Patch, at Everſhot ſchool.

Anſwer, by S. Murch, of Exeter, to J. T. Symons's Enigma, inſerted Nov. 12.

WELL may you ſay, "Britons beware,"
For 'tis I underſtand,
A CARD-TABLE, but too well-known
Throughout fair Albion's land.

⁂ We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, and W. Commins, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by R. B—, W. W—, and G. E—, of Plymouth, to J. B. Bloomfield's Charade, inſerted November 19.

ON Tamer's banks there ſtands a town of fame,
Of great antiquity—SALTASH by name.

⁂ We have received the like anſwer from A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; W. Strong, R. Holwell, and Thomas Whicker, of Exeter; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; John Channon, of Ottery; C. W. B. near Taunton; and a north country ſailor at Exmouth.

A CHARADE, *by J. Channon, of Ottery.*

A Pain tranſpos'd, then will appear
My firſt unto your view;
A noiſe my ſecond will declare,
My whole, ye gents. pray ſhew.

A CHARADE, *by G. Baker, of Poole.*

MY firſt is my ſecond at night;
My whole may be eat in the day;
And is ſuch an agreeable ſight,
There are few that would wiſh it away.

A CHARADE, *by T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey.*

THE reſidence of grandeur find,
Ye puzzling youths, then call to mind,
A uſeful vehicle;
Theſe parts, when ſolv'd, and placed true,
Will bring a pleaſing art to view,
Which is my whole.—Farewell!

POETRY.

ODE *for the* NEW YEAR, 1805.

By H. J. PYE, *Eſq the Poet-Laureat.*

PORTENTOUS 'mid the ſtormy ſky,
Dread when the livid meteors glare,
The faded cheek, the languid eye,
Pale terror's awful reign declare;
And as athwart the face of heav'n
The blazing corruſcations fly,
From the green mead and paſture driv'n,
The flocks and herds affrighted hie:
For on the lightning's flaſh await
The fiery meſſengers of fate;
And the loud tempeſt's thund'ring breath
Wafts the terrific bolts of danger and of death.

But when the golden orb of day
High in the arch of heav'n appears,
And with its ſalutary ray
The ſmiling face of nature cheers,
Each grove a livelier verdure wears,
The beams the woodland gloom pervade;
While ſhining thro' the dewy glade,
As ſmooth the riv'let glides along,
The lowing herds, in peaceful throng
Aſſembled on the ruſhy brink,
Graze on its ſides, or from its boſom drink;
And, burſting, from each parent root,
Myriads of embryo ſcions ſhoot,
Myriads of inſect tribes their wings diſplay,
And riſe to light and life, wak'd by th' inſpiring ray.

Fell deſpotiſm's giant form
Shews to the ſubjugated mind,
As glares the meteor of the ſtorm,
The dread, the horror of mankind;
Baleful as thro' the darken'd ſkies
With livid gleam the lightning flies,
Fierce as the fiery torrents flow
From the rent mountain's torrid brow,
When o'er Sicilia's plain and dædal tow'rs
Ætna the ſtream of deſolation pours,
And, far as horror throws th' aſtoniſh'd eye,
The waſting regions round in ſmoking ruins lie.

But diff'rent far the happy ſcene,
'Mid fertile vales and ſky ſerene,
Where rules a king with peaceful ſway;
A people's good his patriot aim;
Who, like the radiant ſource of day,
Sheds glowing light and vital flame:
And as along th' ethereal ſpace
Eternal laws the courſe celeſtial trace;
So freedom's rule and virtue's high beheſt
Direct the counſels of the royal breaſt.
And as the day-ſtar's influence bland
Sheds plenty o'er the teeming land;

Now

Now from th' irriguous marſh and ſea-beat coaſt,
Raiſing of vapoury miſts a fleecy hoſt,
To fall again, again with genial pow'r,
In balmy dew or gentle ſhow'r;
So grateful Albion thro' each fruitful plain
Proclaims, with heart-felt joy, her George's proſp'rous reign.

ELINOR, *the* CONVICT.

By Mr. DIMOND, *Jun.*

THE anchor weigh'd, the ſwelling ſails were ſpread,
And England's parting ſhores fled faſt from view,
When Elinor, the convict, rais'd her head,
And breath'd her ſoul into a laſt adieu!

" Ye white cliffs of Albion! that fade on the ſkies,
" How fair do ye ſeem to the outcaſt's dim eyes,
" The ſinful one baniſh'd for ever.
" The ſands, too, beneath you, look goldenly bright,
" And precious ſeems each little grain to her ſight,
" Whoſe ſteps ſhall reviſit them never!

" Ah! dear native country, tho' deſtin'd to part,
" Still long your pure ſcenes of delight in her heart,
" Yea! long will poor Elinor cheriſh;
" Your remembrance ſhall make her day's bondage more light,
" In dreams ſhall reſtore her to freedom at night,
" And only with life itſelf periſh.

" Yes! lov'd land of freedom, the poor toiling ſlave,
" Tho' ſunder'd afar by the meaſureleſs wave,
" Shall feel with your children connected!
" And boaſt of her birth, as in days of fair fame,
" Ere yet, for its ſinfulneſs, Elinor's name
" From the liſts of the good was rejected.

" The land ſinks apace, and the day-light decays,
" Ah! how bleſt will be they whom yon ſetting-ſun's rays
" Shall ſmile on in England to-morrow!
" But alas! for the convict—light will not reſtore
" To her longing eyes her belov'd native ſhore,
" She from fancy *her* England muſt borrow!

" Now faſter and faſter the flying coaſts fade,
" Each inſtant freſh objects diſſolve into ſhade—
" Gaze! Gaze! O ye eyes that are baniſh'd;
" The town with its buildings, the ſhips in the bay,
" The ſteeple, the light-houſe—all, all melt away—
" And now the laſt headland has vaniſh'd!

" Strain, ſtrain, balls of ſight, your faint faculties ſtrain,
" And ſomething of England ſtill ſtrive to retain!
" No—tears guſh and drown the endeavour!
" Nay, throb not ſo wildly, thou poor breaking heart—
" Home! kindred! and friends! ſoul and body now part,
" Farewell! native country, *for ever!*

EPIGRAM.

AS a wag at a ball, to a nymph on each arm,
Alternately turning and thinking to charm;
Exclaim'd in theſe words, of which Quin was the giver,
" You're my gizard, my dear, and my love, you're my liver!"
" Alas!" cried the fair on his left, " to what uſe,
" Since you never ſaw either ſerv'd up with a *gooſe!*"